

Frederick MacMonnies, the Sculptor, with Illustrations

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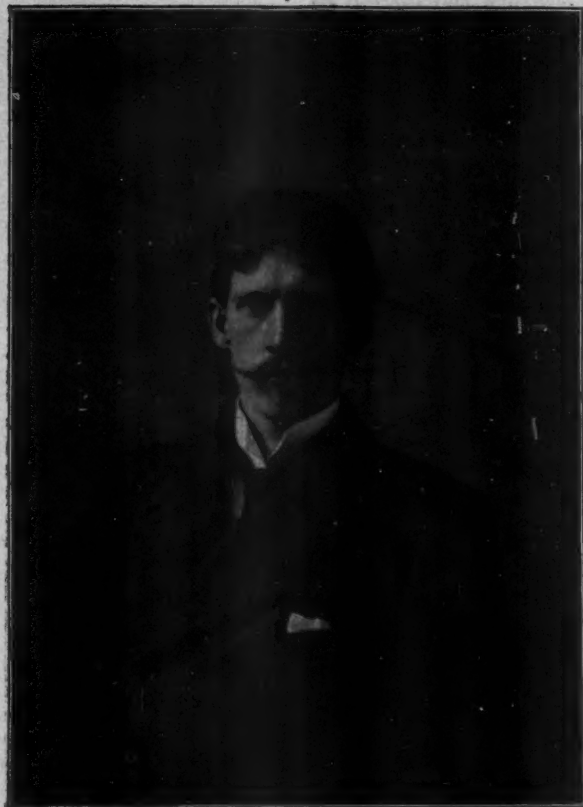
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Frederick MacMonnies

A GOOD HALF of progress is in the making and marking of new distinctions; but while our good Bostonians, in matters obscure and transcendental, claim to be able to detect the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee, many of them, it appears, cannot distinguish between art and life. A bronze Bacchante is, to them, a brazen young woman; and, while pagan muses decorously draped, and an Astarte tricked out in gauze and gold, may find admission unquestioned, a dancing-girl with a baby on her arm, and "just a drappie in her ee," is too "suggestive" to obtain a place in their Public Library. The discussion of the morality of his Bacchante has made Mr. MacMonnies more celebrated than the merits or demerits of his work ever could; but, while the good sense of the public is on his side, it cannot be quite pleasant to acquire notoriety in that manner. It is to be said, however, that it may lead to appreciative study of his work, and ultimately to a fame worth having.

The Bacchante is one of Mr. MacMonnies's best things, so far. It is one which any living sculptor might gladly own. But it has now been so often described and pictured that it is hardly necessary to describe it again, or to say that the sculptor's motive has plainly been to represent the beauty of a sudden and spontaneous movement, and not to glorify either inebriety or nakedness. The dancing Bacchante—need we say?—is a well-known subject in classic art. And it should hardly be necessary to tell anyone that bodily action is best seen when the body is nude. Certain necessary conventions (to say nothing of the northern climate) require that, in actual life, we shall usually go clothed, but these

have never, in any wholly civilized time, been applied to bronze and stone. There is a difference, though it may not everywhere be perceptible.

Spirited and graceful line has always had a strong attraction for MacMonnies. One of his first essays, the little "Pan of Rohallion," illustrates his tendency to fasten on the beauty of a momentary pose. Although the boy is standing, and piping away unconscious of the effort he is making to maintain his balance, every muscle is adjusted to keep his position on the globular support, and we are made to feel the rhythmical movement that must accompany the strain. It is a fleeting harmony made permanent; and we may, if we like, take it as a symbol of that broader harmony, which it is the aim of all good people to bring about. At times, this insistence on movement has interfered with the intended effect of a figure. The statue of Nathan Hale is an example. In spite of our sympathy, we find that the contrast between the activity of the youthful figure of the hero and the restraint to which he is supposed to be subjected approaches the ridiculous. In the smaller group of Venus and Adonis, the conception is similarly self-contradictory. The action of the boy is sufficiently decided. He is for parting, but the young woman, who does *not* act the goddess, like an unpractised hostess, ignores his determination to be off. One anticipates embarrassment on their



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BACCHANTE



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VENUS AND ADONIS

part; and this, perhaps, is the cause of the curious unclothed look of the figures. One associates them with evening dress.

But, in the much larger and more important group (though but of staff) that decorated the great fountain in front of the Administration Building at the Chicago World's Fair, MacMonnies showed that he could bring many figures into concerted action. The composition was a very fine one from every point of view, and notwithstanding certain claims of a disappointed sculptor, all that was specially good in it was original. The general idea of a marine triumph is, of course, as old as the Romans, and it might not be difficult to guess where the sculptor got hints for his tritons and nymphs and sea-horses, and so forth. But no one, before, had got the same or even a similar effect with those well-known ingredients. It is one of the things that one regrets most in connection with the Fair, that the monument was not carried out in lasting material. As a whole, and in all its parts, it showed the sculptor's peculiarly decorative talent, and his love of graceful motion, while it was not lacking in dignity. Perhaps the groups for the Washington Arch in New York may surpass it, but as the subjects do not permit of the finest decorative treatment, it is possible that they will not.

Frederick MacMonnies was born in 1863, and is now, consequently, thirty-four years old. His first studies were made under the direction of the New York sculptor St. Gaudens, whom he assisted in some of his most important works, getting thus, from the start, a practical education in the technical part of the sculptor's art which has been of the greatest service to him, and partly accounts for his rapid advance. In 1885, having already made much progress in his studies, he entered the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and three years later set up a studio of his own. In his

earlier work, the influence of both St. Gaudens and his second teacher, Falguière, is easily traceable; but the personality which is visible even in his first essays has asserted itself more and more in his recent work, and it is now difficult to detect more than a general bond of sympathy between him and his masters. This progress has not been even. It has been marked, at times, by extraordinary efforts, not all of them successful. Thus on his statue of Diana, which, certainly, is not to be reckoned among his best, he spent a year of hard work, endeavoring, it would appear, to follow in Falguière's footsteps, and yet pass him at some point. As usually happens, he found that progress was impossible for him in this way, and he turned to the study that offers a free path for all who choose to follow it—that of Nature.

His attempt at the ideal brought him only an honorable mention at the Salon; while the year after, with a portrait of Mr. Stranahan, he gained a second medal. The work upon the Chicago fountain, which established his reputation as a decorative sculptor in America, was the next of importance. His Bacchante, which is perhaps the crowning work of his career, so far, marking the full development of his personal style, was begun in 1894. The more recent work for the bronze doors of the new Congressional Library, and the



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FOY WITH HERON



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statue of Fame, recently unveiled at West Point, are distinctly separated from his early work of the sort. He is no longer feeling his way. He has discovered where it is necessary for him to be in touch with Nature and with his predecessors, and where he can freely depart from both. In general, it may be said that in the treatment of the figure he keeps close to the model, and expends his fancy upon the drapery and accessories. A taste for the refinements of the Græco-Roman school as shown in the bronzes from Pompeii is evident in several of his smaller works and in the decorative adjuncts of others. But such as he now is, he must be considered a distinct figure, which cannot be accounted for by referring to the practise or principles of any school, ancient or modern.

Mr. and Mrs. MacMonnies are spending their fifth summer at Guverney, where they have a picturesque old house with a charming garden. They have secured the services of Marcelle, the famous Parisian model, and are preparing for next winter's exhibition.

The Stratford Bust and the Apollo Belvedere

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Of the accompanying two heads of Shakespeare, the first is that engraved by Droeshout for the folio edition of 1623, which may be considered as the most authentic in existence. The Stratford bust, which strongly resembles this portrait, was the work of an inferior artist, who, having a death-mask of Shakespeare to work

by (according to tradition), reproduced mechanically its proportions by taking points, as is proved by the scientific blocking-out of the features. The method of taking points was well known in Shakespeare's time. A strong contrast to the excellence of the blocking-out is furnished by the clumsy and inartistic finish of the portrait. Now, the death-mask must have shown the ravages and deformations that follow death—the half-open mouth, the haggard features, drawn by sickness. The artist, a man of small gifts, found considerable difficulty in effacing in his work these traces of death, and overcame the obstacle by taking as his model one of those documents that may be found in every sculptor's studio—even the humblest—a bust or antique mask. I have discovered, in Mr. MacMonnies's studio, which mask the sculptor used for this purpose: that of the Apollo Belvedere, which was already well known at the time, and copies of which were found everywhere in artists' studios. By placing the head of the Apollo Belvedere beside the Stratford bust, one can easily discover, as I have done, the model that was followed in the reconstruction of Shakespeare's features, changed and drawn by sickness and death.

The second head is from Mr. MacMonnies's Shakespeare. It shows that he has followed Droeshout's portrait for the likeness, only modifying the length of the nose. Having in mind the death-mask, the Stratford bust is worthy of attention so far as proportions are concerned, and in it the nose is extremely short.

I think that whoever will compare the Stratford bust and the Apollo Belvedere, as I have done, will reach the conclusion I have reached.

PARIS.

P. L. BION.

[M. Bion, who recently joined the silent majority, sent us, with the communication printed above, photographs of the Stratford bust and of Mr. MacMonnies's statue of Shakespeare, the former too well known to need reproduction here. His theory is ingenious and worth the attention of students of art and lovers of Shakespeare.—EDS. CRITIC.]

Literature

"The Martian"

By George du Maurier. Harper & Bros.

TO THE STUDENT of contemporary letters the question of whether or not "The Martian" is destined to repeat the prodigious success of "Trilby" is a matter of profound interest. If the answer is "Yes," it will practically solve by elimination the doubt as to which element in that world-famous novel contributed most largely to its fame, for "The Martian" contains in large measure one of the most salient qualities of its renowned predecessor, and in measure so scant as to be almost imperceptible, other of the striking qualities which may have contributed equally to the vogue of the former book. "Trilby" had, first of all, its atmosphere; in addition it drew upon the accumulated interest of the world in the art-life of Paris as it used to be, and offered besides such ingenious situations as the man who spends his life in searching for them seldom finds. Of these things, "The Martian" repeats only the atmosphere. That is present, more obvious, more insisted upon than ever, warm, sunshiny, irradiant. The characters have their being in a golden world of good comradeship, the tropical zone of the affections. They find their joy first of all in one another, and then in the material comforts of life. Perhaps it would be more strictly true to say that their joy in each other and in living overflows into the material sphere and floods and illumines tea and crumpets, dress-suits and mackintoshes, bricks and mortar—all the necessary paraphernalia of the physical existence of civilized man. The result, at all events, is to make even the ordinary routine of life seem something ineffably dear and warm and bright. The people are all big and beautiful and free from subtleties, and they play together in the sunshine and the rain du Maurier created for them, and even the things that hurt them most do not hurt them so much as to make them melancholy or morose.

Barty Josselin is the hero, and his story is told by his devoted, life-long friend, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Maurice, Bart., M. P., and wine-merchant. If justification were

needed, this device justifies all the fond reminiscence and affectionate commentary which we had come to regard as an integral part of du Maurier's style, and it also afforded the author-artist opportunity for some of his most persuasive illustrations. The admirable head and figure of poor "Uncle Bob" in the unfinished sketch for the sick-bed scene have as much character and reality as du Maurier ever put into a drawing. The book begins with long, leisurely chapters dealing with school life at the "Institution F. Brosard." "La chasse aux souvenirs d'enfance, what better sport can there be at any time of life?" asks the adoring Maurice. Barty, with his angelic face and mischievous manners, is an engaging youth from the start. After his school-days are over he falls upon evil times. He is the illegitimate son of the heir to an English marquise (the husband of an insane wife) and of a beautiful actress who came of good French fisher-folk. After the death of his parents, some of his father's people, whom his loveliness charms, practically adopt him and give him his profession. For a time he is a beautiful and dissipated young guardsman, but estrangement with his uncle occurs; he sells out, and goes to Paris to become a painter. After a slow start he studies vigorously until the retina of one eye becomes congested, after which life hangs heavily upon his hands. When he discovers, mistakenly as it proves, that his second eye is affected also, he prepares to take himself out of this world.

Here comes in his guardian angel, "the Martian," a soul from that planet who has been wandering about our own, gathering experiences here and there by means of temporary embodiments in different forms of life. The Rohans in general and Barty in particular have always been favorites of hers. She interferes with Barty's arrangements for suicide and thereafter everything goes well with him, even when he disobeys her. He insists upon marrying to suit himself, and succeeds in reconciling her to his point of view. At her dictation he writes novels in English and in French which subdue the world and enlarge the confines of existence for the race. Barty's doting biographer, by the way, and Martia as well, insist that Barty has wonderful brains of his own, although he has never used them up to the time Martia took possession of them and began to dictate world-subduing fiction. This is the place to confess that Barty's biographer does not convince us in regard to these novels. Also, there is as little evidence to support the claim of Barty's tardy but marvellous intellectuality as there used to be in the case of Mrs. Augusta Evans's conquering heroes. But this is a detail which does not matter. After Martia has so trained and instructed him that he can go on writing without her aid, she incarnates herself permanently in one of his children, her dream being that all that is best in the Martian development will thus be added to all that is best in the children of earth, and the ultimate result will be the re-peopleing of our planet with a finer race. "The world will be a very different place, and man of earth greater and even better than the Martian, by all the greatness of his ampler, subtler and more complex brain; his sense of the Deity will be as an eagle's sense of the sun at noon in a tropical sky and he will know how to bear that effulgence without a blink as he stands on his lonely summit ringed by the azure world." But Martia's dream is destined to be thwarted, and the closing chapters which tell how this came to pass are those in which du Maurier's spell is most complete, his magic most absolute.

This is the story of "The Martian." Doubtless the critical eye can find in it a thousand faults. It drags frequently. The incident is far from being so novel and absorbing as the incident in "Trilby." The book brings to light no universal longing, no picture of the realization of a dream we all have dreamed, as did "Peter Ibbetson." The introduction of Martia leaves us even more profoundly unconvinced than might have been expected. It is a commonplace that the interposition of supernatural influence in the working out of a character antagonizes our interest in it, just as insanity

does, by removing it from the field of the normal. But when all these things have been cheerfully granted, the fact remains that du Maurier's audience has never subjected his work to these ordinary tests. Why should they? Writing was not his craft. He came to it late with no training for its technique and no respect for those traditions of the trade that mean so much to the conscientious novelist. Without them he achieved a success which is as much a fact as any of the laws of art, and demands as much consideration from the critic as natural phenomena from the scientist. He created traditions for himself. He imposed an atmosphere. The creator of Svengali is himself the supreme hypnotist, for he creates a world in which our sad, sane senses do not believe and makes us dwell in it at his will. It is such a happy, friendly world, so full of good comradeship and beauty and blessedness, that in it even sorrow is not sombre, and without doubt we love to dwell there. What man cares whether the fire which warms him is built by rule? If it burns, the hand that laid it is justified. Du Maurier's fires burn.

What one may call the combination of attractions in "Trilby" confuses anyone who would base generalizations upon that book. The comparative simplicity of "The Martian" makes it possible to affirm that if it meets with anything resembling a great popular success, this will be due to the fact that, in spite of our vaunted progress in the art of fiction, at heart we like best in literature what our fathers in their day liked best, as their worship of Dickens testifies; and so one disputed question will be settled. If in art's name any desire for "The Martian" less applause than they desired for "Trilby," in humanity's name they must revoke the wish, since after all the good-will toward men which the book so amply glorifies is what we have been waiting for these eighteen hundred years. It is a Christmas story for every day in the year.

Recent English Verse

1. *From the Hills of Dream.* By Fiona Macleod. Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes & Colleagues. 2. *New Ballads.* By John Davidson. John Lane. 3. *The Year of Shams.* By William Watson. John Lane.

MISS FIONA MACLEOD has reached a position where she can no longer be helped by a friendly puff, or injured by proper criticism. It is time to make a careful estimate of her work, especially as she is a leading spirit in a movement that merits to be taken seriously, although, as is the case with other English literary movements, there is a good deal about it that is not serious. She has been properly enough classed as a literary Celt; but her principal defects are not especially Celtic. They are those of the Swinburnian school, which puts sound, and a strained and artificial emotional interest, in the place of meaning. In her short lyrics, the absence of a definite meaning does not very much matter. The lyric voices a mood: it expresses feeling, not thought; and many of those in her new volume (1) express moods unusual, indeed, as one would expect from a poet, but really the wish is father to the fancy in most of them, and it is the wistful imagination that speaks in "When the Dew is Falling," in the fairy gathering in "The Bugles of Dreamland," and in "Cor Cordium" and others of the "Love Songs of Ian Mor." In "The White Peace" and a few others, the feeling is less intense and the thought more substantial, and these will compare with the shorter lyrics of Shelley.

Pretty fancies, color and music abound; indeed, to our mind, there is too much of the latter two ingredients. But the false rhetorical note is more or less audible in some of the "Lyric Runes," and in other poems in which the author tries hard to be more Celtic than a Celtophil Saxon, which is sometimes a very difficult thing to be. The imagination that has to be spurred to its task seldom produces anything worth while, and as to working up a factitious emotion for lyric purposes, Miss Macleod had better leave that to the

decadent Sassanach, together with the abuse of the refrain, and of meaningless interpretations, especially noticeable in "The Song of Cormac Conlingas" and "The Dance of Death." Still, among the poems in "Foam of the Past" are those which we consider the best in the volume. That is a fine brand of paganism in the three songs of Cathal, which makes us ready to accept the Gaelic idioms, "I am hearing," "that is having." And the Christianity in "The Thanksgiving of Colum" is of a decidedly Celtic type, which would hardly be approved either at Rome or Westminster. But we do wish that Miss Macleod would stop writing "poetic prose" about the infinitudes and the beatitudes. The sense of infinity is essential in every real work of art, but it is useless to try to convey it to the reader through an imperfect medium. "From the Hills of Dream" is handsomely printed and got up, with a Scotch thistle design on the cover, and an old Celtic pattern on the lining-paper.

Mr. John Davidson is strong where his countrywoman, Miss Macleod, is weak, and weak where she is strong. In his "New Ballads" (2), thought overrides feeling, and in form, at times, they differ little from prose. In a note to "A New Ballad of Tannhäuser" he claims to have presented in his version of the legend passion rather than sentiment; but we fail to find any passion in the poem; what it does present is the modern idea of nature as a whole, not divided against itself in that combat of good and evil in which all progressive peoples have always believed. If he had a large share of passion, or of good taste, he would not have spoiled his impressive sermon in blank-verse, "A Woman and her Son," with cheap realistic effects. It is true that the greatest poets introduce such effects in their most passionate scenes—but discreetly. Mr. Davidson is not discreet in such cases, and it seems as though he thought too much of his great models and too little of his actual subject and his own feelings about it. Yet he does not aim at elegance. He has a poetic creed, which, like certain preachers, he is anxious to show comports with the newest guesses at truth and the severest realism; and, like them, he arrives at a compromise, in regard to which the only thing that is certain is that it cannot be lasting. But when he is describing a "Sunset," or a "Winter Rain," or expounding a simple theme like that of "Tannhäuser" or of "Euthanasia," there is much that is enjoyable in his work. And he is always, even when most plainly at cross-purposes with himself, a good craftsman, correct, sometimes brilliant, and has much to say that is worth reading.

The "moral paralysis" which the Bishop of Hereford, in his introduction to William Watson's "Year of Shame" (3), insists is confined to English statesmen and Continental emperors, appears now to be much more widespread, and we fear that neither the Bishop's nor the poet's words will meet with any general response. There never was such a shop-keeping age as the present. We manage our politics entirely on business principles, and usually such as would not be recognized by a respectable business man of a generation ago. Nor are we in this country any better than the English, whom some of our newspapers condemn as roundly as Mr. Watson for their course in the Armenian massacres; for these same newspapers unblushingly apply business ethics to every case of the sort that occurs nearer home. If, in fact, we wish to see any sign of moral life, we have to look to such small and semi-barbarous countries as Greece, the Transvaal and Japan. Mr. Watson's appeal, "England to America," will find as little echo here as there. As poetry the author has produced nothing superior to, and but little to compare with, some of the poems in this small volume. "To the Sultan," "Europe at the Play" and "How Weary is Our Heart," though sure to be pooh-poohed just now, may be remembered in years to come. As a frontispiece, the book has a reproduction of "The Recording Angel" of George Frederick Watts.

"The Complete Bachelor"

By the author of the "As Seen by Him" papers. D. Appleton & Co.

THE AUTHOR of this manual of manners for men has in times past filled many columns of a fashion-plate weekly with advice as to how a man should dress, etc., and, although in the present work he essays a broader field, he still lurks in anonymity and challenges identification. In enlarging his scope, however, he discloses his standpoint. Most books of this sort are written by men who have learned their manners as they learned dancing or ornate penmanship—by dint of hard work, much perseverance and persistent practise. Each one, having achieved his task to his own satisfaction, sets about to make easy the pathway for others, and finally produces a volume of parenthetic observations on what *not* to do, which is as valuable to the bucolic beau of Ballston, N. Y., as it is to the drug-clerk in Scranton, Penn., who has social aspirations. Most of these books are bought and read by men who have to be taught that one must not put his feet on the furniture (they generally add "in the presence of ladies"), and why one should not drink out of the finger-bowl; but "The Complete Bachelor" can be read for instruction and amusement by the *jeunesse dorée*, as it was undoubtedly written by one of them. The first proof of this is the style in which it is written. The construction of many of the sentences bears a close resemblance to English as she is wrote on the note-paper of many of our fashionable clubs for young men. In speaking of proper deportment in "a lift or elevator," the author says that when it "is fitted up as a drawing-room, such as is used in hotels and other semi-public buildings, a man removes his hat when the other sex is of the number of its passengers." It might be remarked that this rule is equally applicable to a man's conduct in a drawing-room, although it be furnished as simply and decorated as plainly as an elevator "such as is used in hotels." Again, he says with regard to an invitation to an "Assembly" or "Patriarchs" ball:—"You may receive a note asking if you are free for that particular date, whether 'would you like to go to the Assembly?' etc.," or again, "you might simply receive a note with a ticket." No one but a "chappie" could possibly express himself in that way, and no one else would use the word "ticket," when he meant invitation, card or "voucher," as it is generally called.

To a "chappie" alone would many of the finer points conveyed by the author prove of advantage. To be "complete," a bachelor, when he assists a lady to enter a carriage or public conveyance, "opens the door of the vehicle for her, helps her in by a deft motion of the right arm, and with his left protects her skirts from any possible mud or dust on the wheel." Imagine an ignorant but willing bumpkin practising that "deft motion" with a tailor's dummy before a mirror for hours and then getting his first real experience with a buck-board or a cable car! Or when he makes a call, "his hostess will advance to meet him, and will extend to him her right hand with a somewhat stiff angular motion, and he should shake it with a quick nervous movement of his right." None but a "chappie" is accustomed to be met with that "stiff angular movement," and his embarrassment alone responds with the "quick nervous movement of the right," which is generally accompanied by tripping over the rug and dropping the hat. But yet a great deal in the book is addressed to the class who need instruction most, and terms in use among gentlemen are translated into their vernacular. A dress-coat is identified as a "swallow-tail" and a dining jacket is called a "Tuxedo coat," so that they may understand what is meant. They are cautioned that a frock-coat should not be worn at a picnic, that they should not ogle women, and that whenever they change their clothes, they should first empty all their pockets, each of which maxims is quite valuable in its way. They are introduced in detail to the mysteries of the bachelor's dress, his toilet, his duties as host, at the cotillon and in his club, and told how he should act as a diner-out, a guest and a sportsman. The ninth chapter deals with "The Bachelor's Wedding," which would reasonably seem to complete him, but with commendable foresight the author adds one more chapter, on "Funerals."

Through the whole book runs the vein of amusement that the reader shares with the author at the expense of his brother "chappies." He knows their foibles well and tickles them with page after page of etiquette to be observed when on board one's yacht, giving a coaching party, addressing the nobility or conversing with the Prince of Wales. He, for the most part, sets a standard and describes a mode of bachelor life that would demand an income sufficient to support a married man and his family in affluence. If the whole book is not a joke on the "chappies," one is tempted to wonder why it was written, when everything

that is between its covers can be summed up in the sentence:—"To be a 'complete bachelor,' be honest, truthful and polite; have money, taste and tact."

The July Magazines

"Harper's Magazine"

IN THE July *Harper's* Mr. Howells writes of "The Modern American Mood." He takes a more cheerful view of the subject than one would expect—more cheerful than we should take, perhaps, and we are usually more optimistic than Mr. Howells. In the Editor's Study, Mr. Warner gives intelligent praise to M. Brunetière's methods of criticism, and hints that he sets the standard which others might do well to follow. Another subject, and a painful one, upon which Mr. Warner writes, is the "Snub of Our Professions on Grant Day":—"Now," says Mr. Warner, "this was an affair of the citizens of the United States, but so far as I could see, or as I am informed, scarcely any recognition was extended in the invitations to participate in it except to the official or political, and moderately to the business class. The great universities, the learned societies, the learned professions, were unrecognized. Here was a work of art to be dedicated. I could not learn that distinguished architects or artists were invited. Here was the tomb of a maker of history and a maker of national glory. I could not learn that anyone was invited because he was a historian, or a poet, or a man-of-letters. To be a great educator, or a publicist, or a man of genius, or a famous physician, or an economist, or a philosopher, or a scholar, or an eminent lawyer, did not gain a man an invitation. Aside from the field of politics and official life and military rank, the list was philistine. The intellectual side of the republic, unexpressed in official life or politics, was ignored." Hasn't Mr. Warner been an American long enough to know that the "professions" are seldom or never honored by non-professionals?—The most striking, as it is the most stirring, article in this number is the description of Sheridan's famous ride, by Gen. G. A. Forsyth, U. S. A., now the only living participant in that brilliant feat. "After the whole line was thoroughly formed," says Gen. Forsyth, "I rode over to my chief and urged him to ride down it, that all the men might see him, and know without doubt that he had returned and assumed command. At first he demurred, but I was most urgent, as I knew that in some instances both men and officers who had not seen him doubted his arrival. His appearance was greeted by tremendous cheers from one end of the line to the other, many of the officers pressing forward to shake his hand. He spoke to them all, cheerily and confidently, saying:—'We are going back to our camps, men, never fear. I'll get a twist on these people yet. We'll raise them out of their boots before the day is over.'



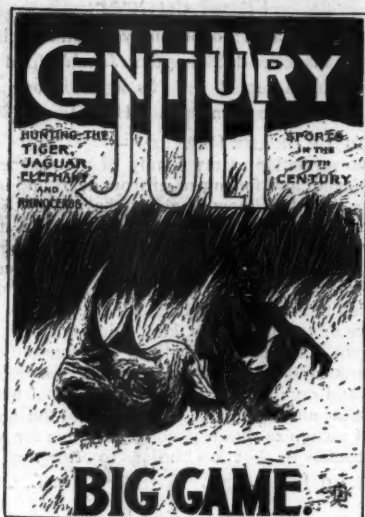
At no time did I hear him utter that 'terrible oath' so often alluded to in both prose and poetry in connection with this day's work."

"Scribner's Magazine"

JUDGE HENRY E. HOWLAND's paper on "Undergraduate Life at Yale," in the July *Scribner's*, is one of the most readable of this series. Judge Howland was a Yale undergraduate in the early fifties, but he has kept up his relations with his alma mater and writes as knowingly of 1897 as of 1854. The illustrations are interesting, particularly those from old prints. The one of the crew of 1854 is very amusing. Its members look more like young farmers than like oarsmen. Another article well worth reading is that on "The Modern Business Building"—a typical "skyscraper" which is a city within itself.—It would be hard to find anyone who could write more sympathetically of the late William



Morris, or from a more intimate knowledge, than Mr. Walter Crane. Both in his art and socialistic work, Mr. Crane was in sympathy with Mr. Morris. On the subject of the latter's inconsistency as a socialist Mr. Crane says:—"Never cramped by poverty in his experiments and in his endeavors to realize his ideals, singularly favored by fortune in all his undertakings, he could have had no personal reasons on these scores for protesting against the economic and social tendencies and characteristics of his own time. He hated what is called modern civilization and all its works from the first, with a whole heart, and made no secret of it. For all that, he was a shrewd and keen man in his dealings with the world. If he set its fashions and habits at defiance, and persisted in producing his work to please himself, it was not his fault that his countrymen eagerly sought them and paid lavishly for their possession. A common reproach hurled at Morris has been that he produced costly works for the rich while he professed Socialism. This kind of thing, however, it may be remarked, is not said by those friendly to Socialism, or anxious for the consistency of its advocates—quite the contrary. Such objectors appear to ignore, or to be ignorant of, the fact that according to the quality of the production must be its cost; and that the cheapness of the cheapest things of modern manufacture is generally at the cost of the cheapening of human labor and life, which is a costly kind of cheapness after all. If anyone cares for good work, a good price must be paid. Under existing conditions possession of such work is only possible to those who can pay the price, but this seems to work out rather as part of an indictment against the present system of production, which Socialists wish to alter. If a wealthy man were to divest himself of his property and distribute it, he would not bring Socialism any nearer, and his self-sacrifice would hardly benefit the poor at large (except, perhaps, a few individuals), but under the working of the present system his wealth would ultimately enrich the rich—would gravitate to those who *had*, and not to those who *had not*. The object of Socialism is to win justice, not charity."



"The Century Magazine"

THE JULY CENTURY is devoted to sport—hunting big game. There are five papers devoted to this subject, three of them by Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr: "My First Elephant," "My First Rhinoceros" and "Hunting with an Indian Prince"; Mr. W. W. Howard writes of "Hunting the Jaguar in Venezuela," while Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman writes of "Sports in the Seventeenth Century," which he illustrates with reproductions of amusing contemporary prints.—Mrs. Joseph Pennell, in an article called "Play in London," writes of Earl's Court, which she says is to the Londoner of to-day what Vauxhall Garden was to his ancestors:—"It is an open secret that the semblance of a show is there merely to court avoidance; the years, in passing, have turned it into a big bazaar, but not even in this guise can it prove the chief attraction. No; the great thing, the only thing that counts, is the garden, where one may walk under pleasant trees; where one may ape the Continental, and drink tea or coffee at little tables—but mostly tea, in capacious pots—to the accompaniment of thick slabs of cake; where one may be still more un-English, and eat one's dinner outdoors—not like a wild beast in a cage, as in the old 'box' at Vauxhall, but in company, on a low, broad veranda, where there are sideshows more diverting than Pepys ever dreamed of; where one may loaf away the summer evening, listening to music which is at least as good as the honest Briton likes it. For the truth is, the garden furnishes just that form of amusement which Mr. Henry James has lamented was not to be found in London; and so long as it is open one need not, as he thought, 'give up the idea of going to sit somewhere in the open air, to eat an ice, and listen to a band of music.' Only, the amusement must be shared with so big a crowd that one will have to scramble for a chair, engage a dinner-table full twelve hours beforehand, and struggle to get home by underground or bus as furiously as the mob fights to push into the pit of a popular theatre."—In the department of Open Letters will be found a paper on the "Dangers and Benefits of the Bicycle," by A. L. Benedict, M. D., which should be read by all lovers of the wheel.—In the same department is a letter written by Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, never before printed, in which he describes his impressions of Napoleon, of whom he was in charge at St. Helena.

"The Atlantic Monthly"

ONE WOULD like to give an entire evening to the July *Atlantic*, but who can give an entire evening to one magazine in this age of printer's ink? But if he can do nothing else, he must read "John Sterling, and a Correspondence between Sterling and Emerson," by Edward Waldo Emerson. Singularly enough, Sterling and Emerson never met face to face, but they were in constant correspondence, and Carlyle was the friend of both. Writing to Emerson, Sterling says of poetry in England at that time (1840), that "With us poetry does not flourish. Hartley Coleridge, Alfred Tennyson and Henry Taylor are the only younger men I now think of who have shown anything like genius, and the last—perhaps the most remarkable—has more of volition and understand-

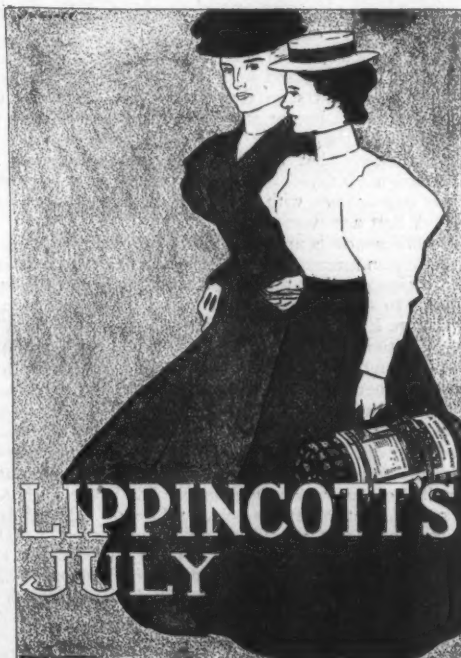
ing than imagination. Milnes and Trench are friends of mine—as Taylor is,—but their powers are rather fine than truly creative. Carlyle, with all the vehement prejudice that becomes a prophet, is the great man arisen in later years among us, and is daily more and more widely felt, rather than understood, to be so." In the light of facts, this about Taylor is amusing. Emerson, writing to Sterling, waxes eloquent over Bronson Alcott:—"About this time, or perhaps a few weeks later, we shall send you a large piece of spiritual New England, in the shape of A. Bronson Alcott, who is to sail for London about the 20th April, and whom you must not fail to see, if you can compass it. A man who cannot write, but whose conversation is unrivaled in its way; such insight, such discernment of spirits, such pure intellectual play, such revolutionary impulses of thought; whilst he speaks he has no peer, and yet, all men say, 'such partiality of view.' I, who hear the same charge always laid at my own gate, do not so readily feel that fault in my friend. But I entreat you to see this man. Since Plato and Plotinus we have not had his like. I have written to Carlyle that he is coming, but have told him nothing about him. For I should like well to set Alcott before that sharp-eyed painter for his portrait, without prejudice of any kind."

"The American Monthly Review of Reviews"

The American Monthly Review of Reviews is the title that confronts us on the cover of the July number of one of the most popular—and deservedly popular—of our magazines. Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor and proprietor, announces that the change of name has no significance beyond that which is apparent. The old title was felt to be too restricted to indicate the full scope of the magazine; and the word "American" may be said to have been in the title from the start, as it was constantly used to distinguish Dr. Shaw's periodical from Mr. Stead's, the parent magazine. Though the American editor uses such material as he wishes to use from the English edition, the amount thereof is insignificant, and at least nine-tenths of the success of the American edition is due to his own editorial skill and business energy. The most striking and timely of the contents of the July number is Mr. Edward Cary's "Seth Low: a Character Sketch." This is fully illustrated—in part by an admirable frontispiece portrait by Gutekunst.

"Lippincott's Magazine"

MR. DUFFIELD OSBORNE, who contributes the complete novel to the July *Lippincott's*, evidently holds that archæological details are out of season in these warm days; so, while he tells us in "A Mountain Moloch" of the descendants of Carthaginians on an



island in the Pacific Ocean, he refrains from the erudition of Gustave Flaubert. To be true, he deftly traces the title of their ruler, *Soveet*, to the Punic *suffet*, and their *baleri* to the Balearic mercenaries of old, but these little touches only make the story more attractive; and so wonderfully interesting is the whole tale, that we do not even stop to question the existence of so rapid-firing a revolver as that of Lieut. Vance in 1839. There is a great deal of ruthless killing in this swift-running story; but then, how can one be merciful to the priests of a mountain Moloch? Mr. Osborne has not drawn on his imagination in vain: he has told a story of adventure that is sure to be read to the end, once it is begun.



Mrs. Oliphant

MRS. MARGARET OLIPHANT, *née* Wilson, who died on June 26, was born at Wallyford, near Musselburgh, Midlothian, Scotland. Principally known as a novelist, it was yet as a biographer that she showed her admirable qualities at their best; in fact, it is more than probable that the very mental gifts that made her so prominent a figure in the field of fiction were largely the cause of her eminence in the other, more serious field of letters. The intuition that made so lifelike her imaginary characters, undoubtedly helped her to understand and interpret the motives and actions of those whose parts on the world's real stage she chronicled; and her delicate humor and slight tinge of mysticism (which grew stronger with the passing years) were perhaps the finishing touches of a talent that fell but little short of genius. Mrs. Oliphant's strain of mysticism seems natural in one connected, though only by marriage, with Laurence Oliphant, whose biography is among her best achievements.

Her numerous novels are remarkable for their unflinching excellence of matter and manner. Healthy in tone, they rely on their character-drawing rather than their plots for interest; and it is not too much to say that more than once their author rose to the level of George Eliot. Mrs. Oliphant published her first book, "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," in 1849, and from that date until nearly the day of her death produced at least one, and often more than one, book per year. It would be superfluous to give a list of her novels; like those of the three or four great story-tellers of the Victorian era with whom she may well be classed, they are known wherever the English tongue is written or translated. Among her other works may be mentioned, besides the life of Laurence Oliphant, "St. Francis of Assisi," "Memoir of Count Montalembert," "Life of Edward Irving," "The Makers of Florence," "The Makers of Venice"; "Dante" and "Cervantes," in the series of Foreign Classics for English Readers, which she edited; "Memoir of Principal Tulloch," "Royal Edinburgh" and "The Victorian Era in English Literature."

The Lounger

MARK TWAIN lost a fine opportunity to add to his reputation as a humorist in his letter declining the *Herald's* fund for his benefit, after first having accepted it. His letter is one to make his many friends weep rather than smile. Here it is:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

"I made no revelation to my family of your generous undertaking in my behalf and for my relief from debt, and in that I was wrong. Now that they know all about the matter they contend I have no right to allow my friends to help me while my health is good and my ability to work remains, that it is not fair to my friends and not justifiable, and that it will be time enough to accept help when it shall be proven that I am no longer able to work. I am persuaded that they are right. While they are grateful for what you have done and for the kindly instinct which prompted you, it is urgent that the contributions be returned to the givers with their thanks and mine. I yield to their desire and forward their request and my indorsement of it to you. I was glad when you initiated that movement, for I was tired of the fact and worry of debt, but I recognize that it is not permissible for a man whose case is not hopeless to shift his burdens to other men's shoulders.

"LONDON, 19 June 1897.

S. L. CLEMENS."

THE SLOW GROWTH of the fund could not have been very flattering to Mr. Clemens. Without the *Herald's* contribution and Mr. Carnegie's conditional \$1000, there was only \$938.45. The whole thing was a mistake, and I regret sincerely that Mr. Clemens ever allowed himself to be put in so false a position.

A SPECIAL CABLE from London to the *Sun* says that *The Westminster Gazette* has opened a subscription in behalf of Mark Twain, and in explanation of its action, says:—"We have not communicated with Mr. Clemens and should think it an impertinence to bring his affairs before the public, if American newspapers had not made the appeal." Poor Mr. Clemens! He has had to write another letter declining money. It must be a hard thing to do, which, perhaps, is the reason why he has done it so badly.

MISS EDITH POND, the Major's daughter, writes me that she and her father are going to bring Mr. Anthony Hope to this country in the fall, for a short season of readings from his own stories. Miss Pond, who is at present in England, sails for home on July 8. On Oct. 9 Mr. Hope will leave England for our hospitable shores.

THE SAN FRANCISCO *Argonaut* tells a good story about Alphonse Daudet. When he brought out "Sappho," Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, not knowing its character, offered M. Daudet a large sum for advance sheets of the work. He accepted the offer, and the sheets were sent. When the publishers received them they decided that they could not issue the book, and cabled to the author:—" 'Sappho' will not do." This dispatch puzzled Daudet. He consulted with numbers of friends, and this was the conclusion at which they eventually arrived:—"Sappho" in French is spelled with one "p"—"Sappho," after the Greek fashion. In English it is spelled with two. An unusually acute friend pointed this out to Daudet, which much relieved the novelist, and he cabled back to the publishers:—"Spell it with two 'p's.'" It is needless to state that the publishers were more astonished at Daudet's reply than he had been at their cable dispatch.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, it is said, has listened to the voice of his critics to some purpose, and will hereafter turn his back upon novels of the "Tess" and "Jude" order, and give us more such stories as "Far from the Madding Crowd." This is such good news that I hope it is true.

GEN. HORACE PORTER has finally selected for his Paris residence, the Spitzer mansion, just off of the Avenue Victor Hugo, amous as the whilom home of the celebrated Spitzer art collections. The new Ambassador expects to be installed in time to give there his first public reception on July 4.

SEVERAL READERS of the Rev. John Sheridan Zelic's paper on the Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee, in *The Critic* of June 26, have written to us for what one of them calls the "dry biographical facts" of his career. I put them down here to the best of my ability, and, I hope, to the complete satisfaction of my correspondents:—Mr. Lee was born on 4 Oct. 1862 at North Bridgewater, now known as Brockton, Mass. He graduated from the Yale Divinity School in 1888, and was ordained in Princeton, Minn., on Oct. 28 of the same year. He devoted the year 1889-90 entirely to literary work, and became pastor of the Congregational church at Sharon, Conn., in August of the latter year, resigning in September 1893 to take charge of the Park Street Congregational church, in West Springfield, Mass. This charge he resigned in April 1896, since which time he has been a lecturer on literature at Smith College (1897), and a valued contributor to the pages not only of *The Critic*, but of *The Congregationalist*, *The Independent*, *The Book Buyer*, *The Bookman* and *The Chap Book*. On 25 June 1896, Mr. Lee married Miss Jennette Barbour Perry, Professor of English at the College for Women, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O., who has acted as substitute at Smith College for some weeks, this year, in the absence of the head of the English Department. The present home of the family is at Northampton.

THE MUSIC of our most famous bandmaster is as popular abroad as at home. When the great Jubilee procession was ready to start from Buckingham Palace, last month, it stepped off to the inspiring strains of "The Washington Post March." The compliment was one that Mr. Sousa doubtless appreciated.

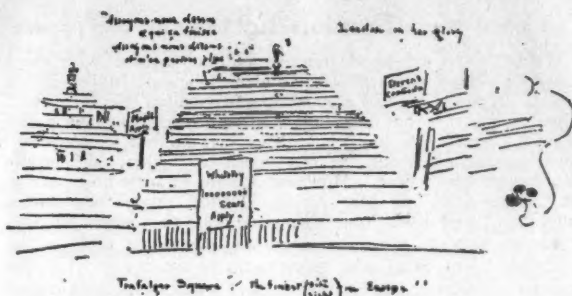
THE STATEMENT that Mr. Richard Harding Davis was going to report the Diamond Jubilee procession for the *London Times* was not true, though it was not without foundation. He was invited by *The Times* to do it, but was obliged to decline, as his services for that special bit of reportorial work had already been secured by *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Davis did, however, do some special correspondence for *The Times*, having gone to the seat of war in Greece for that paper, to which he wrote several letters from the field at Velesino. It was in consequence of this characteristic and brilliant work that he was asked to report the Jubilee for the *Thunderer*.

MR. FREDERICK KEPPEL has been inspired by a stanza of Mr. Kipling's from "The Miracles," to write one of his own. The inspiring stanza runs as follows:—

"Dawn ran to meet us at my goal,—
Ah! day no tongue shall tell again!
And little folk of little soul
Rose up to buy and sell again!"

The inspired stanza (attributed by its author to the "Distressed Poet") "voices" a feeling which must be shared by all of Mr. Kipling's contemporaries:—

"Oh, sordid souls! 'To buy and sell'!—
No man his tale can tell like you;
Yet joy my 'little soul' would swell
If only I could sell like you!"



"Admiral Nelson—Boarded at last." "England expects every man to be ridiculous." "St. Martins, Protestant House of the Lord, to let: Apply, money-changers, vestry." "Whiteley: 100,000,000 seats: Apply." "London in her glory."

WITH THE MANUSCRIPT of this metrical pleantry Mr. Keppel sends me a clipping from the *London Chronicle*, giving Mr. Whistler's impression of the preparations for the Jubilee procession. It is entitled "Trafalgar Square: the finest site (sight) in Europe." The legends beneath it are clearly legible in the original, but the drawing has been so much reduced by my reproduction of it, that I find it necessary to put them into type. They run as follows: "Admiral Nelson—Boarded at last." "England expects every man to be ridiculous." "St. Martins, Protestant House of the Lord, to let: Apply, money-changers, vestry." The placard in the middle of the picture reads: "Whiteley: 100,000,000 seats: Apply." The little figure at the top is that of Nelson on his monument. At the right is inscribed "London in her glory," and at the left

"Asseyons nous dessus
Et que ça finisse
Asseyons nous dessus
Et n'en parlons plus."

Heretofore Mr. Whistler has drawn as an artist and written as a humorist; this time he has laid his skill as an artist on the altar of Fun.

I FIND the following paragraph in a recent issue of *Vogue*:—"The latest photograph of Queen Victoria, duly approved by the august lady herself, is a pitiable sight. 'The poor creature!' was the involuntary ejaculation of a sympathetic woman on seeing a proof of the portrait in an English periodical. The elderly sad face tricked out with a diadem and other jewels, the unsymmetrical body most unbecomingly loaded down with elaborate draperies. Anything less regal it is not possible to imagine, and it seems almost an outrage on the dignity of a human being to attempt to make a spectacle of such a physical wreck. Diadems and royal robes assort ill with age, disfigured features and figure. Tradition says 'she wept to wear a crown.' Those who respect her many sterling qualities are disposed to grow pathetic over her being made a show of in her unattractive old age."

The shoemaker should not go beyond his last. The function of such a journal as *Vogue* is to print fashion-plates, sometimes with the names of the wearers of the gowns beneath them, and sometimes with the names of the makers; to tell counter-jumpers how to behave when they find themselves in the same elevator with ladies; and to teach "chappies" how to suck the heads of their canes, and how to address their men-servants, if their fathers have made enough money by honest labor to leave them in a position to have their trousers ironed instead of ironing them themselves. Nothing could be farther from its function than to criticise a queen or tell her how to dress. What makes such paragraphs as these doubly offensive is the fact that they are usually written by people who would grovel in the mire for the privilege of kissing the hem of Victoria's plainest gown. Is it good "Americanism," by the way, to twit an old lady on her loss of beauty, and call her a "poor creature" when all the world is uniting to do her deserved honor?

London Letter

WHAT WITH wet wood, bunting and paper-roses, with every house buttressed with scaffolding and nothing but Jubilee in the papers, literature has had a poor show in London this last week. Whether it is true that nobody is reading anything but the prices of seats I cannot say, but it is at least certain that almost every book brought out during the last month has fallen more or less flat, and generally more. However, even if we have no leisure to read, "all of us," as Mr. Austin Dobson sings, "sometimes must dine," and it was in an auspicious hour that some hundred "women writers" sat down to dinner the other night at the Criterion. Mrs. Steel, who seems to be the woman orator of the hour *par excellence*, was in the chair, and it was no undistinguished meeting over which she presided. Indeed, literary womankind could scarcely have been better represented. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Mrs. J. R. Green, Lady Lindsay, Miss Christabel Coleridge and Mrs. Dollie Radford made a worthy show for the higher branches of literature, while fiction had its representatives in the chairwoman, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, "Edna Lyall," "Annie S. Swan" and the author of "A Superfluous Woman." Exhorted from the chair, the company was, it is whispered, as merry as circumstances would allow, for after all, what dinner was ever a complete success from which men were banished? Woman is not a gregarious creature, and the consolation of conviviality is denied her. But there were some good speeches, though the subjects were somewhat forbidding. Mrs. Steel spoke upon "The Ethics of Literature," Miss Montrésor upon "The Fellowship of Writers" and Mrs. Creighton upon "The Pleasures of Research"; and the first was a forcible, the second a graceful and the third a stimulating little address. Still, as subjects of after-dinner oratory the topics have rather too much of seriousness. One has to remember, however, that the Woman Writer is almost invariably serious.

It seems that in this Woman's Year of Grace, the sex is taking particular pains to study the gentle art of dining. For on July 14, at the Grafton Gallery, there is to be a dinner of one hundred "representative women," which promises to be of unusual interest. Each lady is to bring a male guest, equally "representative," and, if the thing works, the company should be of rare qualities. Once more Mrs. Steel appears upon the committee, bringing as her guest Lord Roberts. Mr. Arthur Balfour will also be among those present, and the list of representative women will include, as it should, the names of Mrs. Fawcett, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Lady Jeune. An attempt will be made to represent all sides of womanly activity, in art, literature, science, music, drama, medicine and philanthropy.

At last Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has been persuaded to publish a poem in the more permanently accessible form of a book. It is of a topical, or rather of a commemorative, character, and is entitled "A Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain." Mr. John Lane, the poets' publisher, is to have it ready in a few days. Having made this start, Mr. Watts-Dunton will no doubt follow it up with the volume of sonnets so often promised, and so frequently postponed.

Mr. Austin Dobson has now concluded the revision of his monograph on William Hogarth, which will be published in a single volume during the coming autumn. The work has involved no little labor, and the additions and amplifications are many. There is also added a complete and first-hand bibliography of Hogarth plates, and here for once we shall have a book of which it will be no false compliment to say that it is likely to remain the authoritative work upon its subject. Mr. Dobson has also passed for press his forthcoming volume of "Collected Poems," which will appear among the first books of the autumn season. It will be found to be a handsome book of some 500 pages, and will include several poems not hitherto preserved in book-form.

There seems to be a good demand just now for the literature of sport, and Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen have already taken rank as one of the foremost publishing-houses for this kind of work. To their admirable Encyclopedia they are about to add an "Anglers' Library," the different volumes of which will treat of separate kinds of fish, both fresh- and salt-water. The first instalment will be Mr. C. H. Wheeley's treatise on coarse fish, and the general editors, Sir Herbert Maxwell and Mr. F. G. Afialo, have arranged in advance for several volumes, some of which will treat of particular streams and neighborhoods. By the way, the next part of the Encyclopedia will include articles on cycling and deerstalking. The first subject will be dealt with from a manufacturing point of view, by Mr. H.

Graves, while the veteran Mr. Lacy Hillier will write of racing, and Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, of woman's share in wheeling. Naturally deerstalking has been entrusted to Mr. Augustus Grimble, the author of "Deer Forests of Scotland," himself a sportsman of the old and genuine school.

The theatres seem to be prospering where the booksellers fail, and the Jubilee visitors are said to be doing their duty by the box-offices. Several houses will give special performances at half past four on the afternoon of the procession, and will no doubt collect many footsore wanderers who have lacked a chair all day.

LONDON, 19 June 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Fine Arts

The French Salons of 1897

THE FIRST *livraison* of "Les Salons de 1897," by André Michel, contains the author's very readable account of the Palais de l'Industrie, which is soon to disappear, "without glory, as it was born without honor." M. Michel sees nothing to regret except the probable loss of a few trees. Nevertheless, he finds reason to give several plans and sections, and a history of the "Salons" held in it and elsewhere, illustrated by reproductions of some of the most famous French masterpieces—Millet's "Les Glaneuses," Corot's "Nymphes," Rousseau's "Le Matin," Gustave Moreau's "Le Sphinx"; "La Picardie," by Puvion de Chavannes, Baudry's charming "La Vague et la Perle" and others. The account of the Salon of the Champs Élysées, which follows, treats it as probably the last important exhibition of the century. The author sees no chance of any new development in its remaining years; but his very pessimistic views as to the present and the immediate future of French art are not borne out by the illustrations, which include the "Douce Journée" of M. H. Lerolle (from the exhibition of the Champ de-Mars), "La Folie de Titania" of M. Paul Gervais (at the Champs Élysées), and an etching by Waltner after Benjamin-Constant's portrait of the Duc d'Aumale, which is shown at the latter salon. The publication is well printed in large type, and makes a handsome appearance. (New York: The Critic Co.)

In *fascicule* No. 2 of the "Figaro-Salon," M. Philippe Gille describes in summary fashion some of the principal paintings of the exhibitions. The illustrations reproduce in black-and-white, or tints, M. Victor Gilbert's "Magasin de Modes," Mr. Ridgway Knights' "Soir d'Été," and M. A. L. Demont's interesting "Lever de Lune en Hiver." And there is a large photographic reproduction in colors of M. E. Gelhay's "Projets d'Avenir." (Boussod, Valadon & Co.) The large colored plate accompanying the third *fascicule* reproduces M. Carrier Belleuse's pastel, "Bonjour, Pierrot!"; that accompanying No. 4, Piot's "Rêverie."

Art Notes

THE Fine Arts Federation has at last filed its certificate of incorporation. It was organized on 14 Feb. 1895, and now embraces the National Academy of Design, the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architecture, the American Water-Color Society, the Society of American Artists, the Architectural League of New York, the American Fine Arts Society, the Municipal Arts Society, the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects, the National Sculpture Society and the National Society of Mural Painters. Section 633 of the Greater New York charter provides for an art commission to control the purchase of works of art by the city. It will consist of the Mayor, the Presidents of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Public Library and the Brooklyn Institute, ex-officio, and a painter, a sculptor, an architect and three citizens, to be selected by the Mayor from a list furnished by the Fine Arts Federation.

—The *International Studio* for June has a number of reproductions from the mezzotints which Mr. Frank Short has made from Turner's drawings to complete the "Liber Studiorum" as it was originally planned. Turner intended that it should consist of 100 plates, but only ninety-one were engraved, and of these several are now useless. But drawings were made for all; and from these Mr. Short has produced fifteen plates, which bring the work up to the intended number. It is impossible to judge of the mezzotints from the photographic reproductions given by *The Studio*; but from what we know of Mr. Short's work, we should say that his plates are not unworthy of taking their place beside those that were done under Turner's supervision. Those reproduced are "A Pastoral," with classic ruins, and "The Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen," with the etchings for the latter and

for the view of "Macon." A paper on "French Illustrated Programmes" is illustrated with photographic engravings after designs by Willette, Steinlen and others of less moment. There is a photographic color-print of a very impressionistic picture of "Reflets"—a woman and baby bathing, together with a full moon and what are intended for clouds. The supplement gives a view of the proposed memorial to the late Richard M. Hunt.

—William Homer Haskell of Merrimac, Mass., has won the Longfellow travelling scholarship offered by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He is to receive \$600 a year for three years, which he must spend in art schools in Europe, under supervision of one or more American painters in each place. Mr. Haskell is twenty-two years old.

—It is a thousand pities that the Superintendent of Parks did not see his way to accepting the splendid statue of Pan, by George Grey Barnard, which was offered to the city by the Alfred Corning Clark estate for erection in Central Park. No wonder that other cities are clamoring for it. We venture to believe, however, that none can give it a more appropriate and effective setting than could have been found for it in our own great pleasure-ground.

—Mr. Dumont Clarke, President of the American Exchange National Bank of this city, has received an exact counterpart in miniature of the Bank of England, made of silver. It is about one foot square, all the proportions being according to scale, every external feature of the famous institution being reproduced, even to the names of the streets on the corners of the building, the lamp-posts on the sidewalks, the central court, the iron railings in front of the windows, etc. The model was made by Tiffany & Co. of London from actual measurements, nearly twelve months being occupied in its manufacture.

—The news comes from Washington that the Republican members of the Senate finance committee have decided to restore paintings to the dutiable list. The House imposed a duty of twenty-five per cent. ad valorem on paintings. This the Senate finance committee struck out. It now returns to the House program, but it is not yet definitely decided whether the rate shall be twenty or twenty-five per cent.

A Warning to Art-Lovers

A GENTLEMAN who has recently received the Constitution, By-laws, etc., of the "National Coöperative Society of American Art," has forwarded the pamphlet to the editors of *The Critic*. It comes from Washington, D. C., and its front cover presents, as a sort of motto, the following lines: "The spark that will fire the hearts of the people to better appreciation of a worthy project and a long-suffering class of society." There is another motto on the cover, couched in these words:—"The United States is rapidly approaching the dawn of a new life for the fine arts, with contagious enthusiasm, greater strength of purpose, broader ideas and a much brighter future of bountiful prosperity. This is the full measure of reward for her artists, sculptors and architects, and is the just tribute of a society of the people, by the people, to take the place of indifferent Government aid." A page of "Introductory" begins with this paragraph:—"Every patriotic, public-spirited person throughout the land should hasten to become enrolled as a member and so give their [sic] moral influence to this pioneer society, whose sole aim and object is [sic] the education of the people and the glory of the nation." Grammar is not the Society's strong point. The Membership, we observe, is open to "every person of both sexes!"

Article II of the Constitution defines the purpose of the Society to be "to establish in the United States of America an American Salon and a National School of Art, similar to, but with a broader scope than, the famous Arundel Society, or the Society of Arts, both of London, England; so that the Fine Arts of the United States shall equal or excel the Fine Arts of every other nation in the world."

This is a large contract, and we are doubtful of the ability of the new Society to carry it out. We should feel dubious on this point, even if the work were to be done in the right way; but it has been begun in a manner that makes it impossible to look for anything but a disastrous conclusion. To begin with, the list of officers printed on page XI of the pamphlet is headed by the name of Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, as President. Dr. Harris declares that when he was called upon by the General Manager of the Society, some weeks ago, he told him positively that he "could not be connected with the Society in any way." Since his name has been printed, he has notified the

Treasurer to strike it from the list. We have seen letters from two of the seven alleged Vice-Presidents of the Society. One of them says, "I have never heard of the National Coöperative Society of American Art, and I have never authorized my name to be used as either member or officer." The other writes that he has written to the Secretary not to use his name in connection with the "enterprise," and adds that he knows nothing about the thing.

The name and address of the Treasurer of the Society are given as "U. S. J. Dunbar, Sculptor, 1707 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C." The "General Manager and Assistant Treasurer" is Arthur Gordon Graves, Washington, D. C. Certain names which are used in the list of "Patrons and Patronesses" are known to us to have been printed without authority. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for the pamphlet informs us that he received on June 23 a circular letter dated June 14, stating that if he did not decline the honor within one week of the earlier date (that is, by June 21), his name would be printed as an officer of the Society, "and a complimentary five-year membership certificate sent to him by mail." His reply was that if his name was not immediately stricken from the list he would bring an action at law against the Society.

The lists of Officers, Patrons, Directors, "Proposed National Board of Judges," etc., contain a number of the best-known names in American art, literature, business and politics; but there is reason to believe that a large majority, if not all of them, have been printed without the slightest warrant.

Article XIX of the Constitution concludes as follows:—"The salary of the General Manager shall only be in the form of a commission, being a percentage of the initiation fee for each five-year member secured by the Society." If the percentage be 100. and the presence of so many eminent names on the lists of officers, etc., should have the intended effect of alluring a goodly number of "five-year members," the salary should be a fairly good one.

We all know who the distinguished citizens are whose names have been used without their consent or against their protest; but who are Mr. Graves and Mr. Dunbar?

Education

The New Librarian of Congress

A SPECIAL DISPATCH from Washington to the *New York Tribune*, under date of June 29, read as follows:—"John Russell Young, formerly Minister to China, has been selected by President McKinley to be Librarian of Congress. Mr. Spofford, who has reached an advanced age, will be retained as Assistant Librarian. Other changes in the organization of the institution are in contemplation."

Mr. Young is a well-known journalist, and of late years has been identified with the railroad business. He was born at Downingtown, Pa., in 1841; represented the *Philadelphia Press* in the field during the Civil War; was managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, 1866-69 (a fact which the *Tribune's* biography of the appointee ignores), and afterwards a special correspondent of the *Herald*, in which capacity he attended ex-President Grant on his tour of the world in 1877. Five years later he was appointed Minister to China, which post he held till 1884. He is the author of "Around the World with General Grant," an illustrated work in two volumes, which appeared in 1879. Mr. Young is a man of education and experience, but there is no reason, disconnected with politics, why an able and experienced librarian, such as Dr. Billings of the New York Public Library, should not have been chosen for this exceedingly important post. The National Library is one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the world, and the services of an expert of the highest order are imperatively needed in its management.

A recent issue of the *Tribune* published an interesting description of Mr. A. S. Spofford, who has been librarian of Congress for the past twenty-five years. The writer spoke of the Librarian's "spare, wiry figure, pale, earnest face, framed in with smooth, slightly wavy hair, which has grown from black to white in the years he has stood behind the Librarian's desk." Mr. Spofford is an omnivorous reader and a tireless worker. Like Macaulay, he can read a page at a glance, and his power of concentration is so great that he can attend to three or four things at the same moment. He begins his day's work at seven o'clock in the morning. If the day is inclement he rides to his office; but when the weather is clear and bright he prefers to walk. He goes through Massachusetts Avenue to New Jersey Avenue, and thence to the Capitol, carrying in his hand a green bag held by a stout cord and

stuffed almost to bursting with papers. "This bag," says the *Tribune*, "which has come to be regarded as a badge of his office, is the gift and handiwork of his daughter. Each year he receives a new one, made exactly like its predecessor, of stoutest material held by the strongest of cords, and from it Mr. Spofford is never separated."

Educational Notes

THE inaugural address of the Rev. Robert Ellis Jones as President of Hobart College gives as good assurance as a speech could give, that the right man has been chosen for the place. The distinction it draws between the college and the university is a vital one; and under its new President's direction, Hobart will not waste its energies in trying to be what it is not. Dr. Jones recommends affiliation with Columbia University—a wise and practical suggestion.

As we go to press, news reaches us of the death of Prof. George M. Lane of Harvard, the noted Latinist.

On June 30, Harvard University conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon Prof. Franklin W. Hooper of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; C. B. Tillinghast, State Librarian of Massachusetts; C. E. Faxon, botanist and artist; and Rudolph Chambers Lehmann, the amateur oarsman. Doctor of Divinity:—The Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of Union Theological Seminary. Doctor of Laws:—J. C. Ropes of Boston; Dr. Jacob N. Da Costa and Augustus St. Gaudens.

The following honorary degrees have been conferred by Yale: D. D.: the Rev. Edwin S. Lines (Yale, 1872), New Haven; the Rev. George F. Moore (Yale, 1872), Andover, Mass.; Archdeacon Charles C. Tiffany, New York City; the Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), Liverpool, England. LL.D.: Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N.; T. Mitchell Prudden, New York. Lit. D.: W. Gordon McCabe, Richmond. M. A.: Edwin A. Abbey, Fairford, England; George W. Chadwick, Boston; Sam-

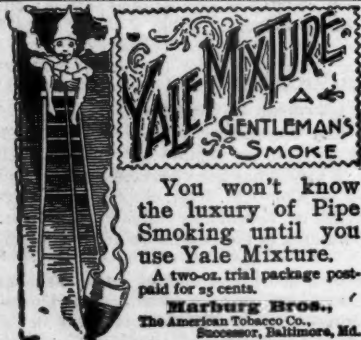
uel H. Church, Pittsburg; Theodore N. Ely, Bryn Mawr; Archer M. Huntington, New York; Charles N. Chadwick, Brooklyn; Prof. Charles W. Benton, Minneapolis, Minn. B. A.: Edward M. Dudley, Thomas A. Hine. Ph. B.: Walter P. Bigelow.

At the commencement of Hope College, Holland, Mich., President G. J. Kollen announced that on his recent trip East he had succeeded in raising \$100,000 for the College in cash donations, payable July 1 next. This will cancel the College's debt and leave money to erect another much-needed building.

The Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church and President of the Armour Institute, Chicago, who has been seriously ill for the last two months, has been removed to a sanitarium at Alma, Mich.

At the close of the semi-centennial commencement exercises at Beloit College, Dr. D. K. Pearsons announced that he would give the institution \$30,000 for a woman's dormitory, to be known as Emerson Hall, in honor of Prof. Joseph Emerson. Dr. Pearsons's gifts to the College now amount to \$280,000.

Miss Beulah M. Dix, Vice-President of the senior class of Radcliffe College, has won the George B. Sohier prize, this year. It was founded by Mr. Waldo Higginson of the class of 1833, in memory of his brother-in-law, George B. Sohier, of the class of 1852. The endowment is for "one prize of \$250 for the best thesis presented by a successful candidate for honors in English or modern literature. If no thesis is deemed worthy of a prize, no prize will be given." The competitors may be either (1) undergraduates in Harvard College, (2) Harvard graduates who are residents at the University as students in the Graduate School, or (3) students of Radcliffe College. This is the first time that the prize has been awarded to a Radcliffe girl. Miss Dix will graduate with highest honors, and has written some very clever plays, which have been produced on the auditorium stage.



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Prof. A. D. F. HAMLIN

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Is Non-partisanship Feasible?
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Mayor Strong's Experiment in New York.
Senator FRANK D. PAVEY

The McKinley Administration and Prosperity,
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Professor of Political Economy in Chicago University

Why Spain has Failed in Cuba,
THOS. GOLD ALVORD, Jr.

Johannes Brahms **GUSTAV KOBBE**

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Judge Morris's "Life of Napoleon" showed the author's ability, not only as a biographer, but as a military critic. His study of "Hannibal" presents a clear and consistent history of one of the most stirring epochs in the history of the world.

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Notes

RUDYARD KIPLING's American novel, "Captains Courageous," will be published by the Century Co. in October.

—The Century Co. will soon issue John La Farge's "An Artist's Letters from Japan," illustrated by himself. The same company has in preparation "Impressions of South Africa," by the Hon. James Bryce, M.P., which was announced for issue several months ago, but has been kept back by the author during the changes that have been taking place so rapidly in that country. Some of Mr. Bryce's chapters were published in *The Century*, but these have been rewritten and about twenty new chapters have been added.

—Of the Queen Victoria Jubilee book, the American rights of which are held by the Century Co., nearly all copies have been sold in advance of issue. The \$50 edition, of which 100 copies were secured for America, has more than doubled in price in England; and of the \$15 edition, 600 copies of which were secured for America, only a few have not yet been taken up.

—The official Jubilee portrait of Queen Victoria appears in "The Private Life of the Queen," by a Member of the Royal Household, just published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

—It was necessary to put the Appleton presses at work again on Mr. Edward Bellamy's "Equality" within three days after publication. It was supposed that the exceptionally large first edition would prove sufficient for a time, but the demand has made it necessary to issue a very large second edition.

—"A Colonial Free-Lance" will be the title of a new American historical romance by C. C. Hotchkiss, author of "In Defiance of the King," to be published in August in Appletons' Town and Country Library.

—The Bowen-Merrill Co. of Indianapolis will bring out Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's new volume of recollections, "Eighty Years and More." The same firm is to publish Miss Susan B. Anthony's reminiscences, speeches, etc., which will form two volumes of 500 pages each.

—The biography of the late Lord Tennyson by his son will be published in this country by the Macmillan Co., the authorized publishers of Tennyson's works. The book will be brought out in the late autumn, and will contain a number of hitherto unpublished poems. The statement, recently made, that Messrs. Harper & Bros. had secured the American rights, was incorrect.

—Mr. Alexander Gardener of London has just published "American Humourists, Recent and Living," by Robert Ford.

—A set of the works of Aristotle, printed on vellum (1483), brought 800*l.* at the Ashburnham sale on June 26. Two days later, the Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible, also on vellum, fetched 4000*l.* The first Latin Bible with the date 1500, and several others, sold for over 1000*l.* each.

Publications Received

- About, E. *The King of the Mountains*. Tr. by Mrs. C. A. Kingsbury. Rand, McNally & Co.
Bacon, E. M. *Walks and Rides about Boston*. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Beecher, E. N. *The Lost Atlantis*. Cleveland, O.: Brooks Co.
Broughton, R. *Dear Faustina*. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Comstock, J. H. *Insect Life*. \$2.50. D. Appleton & Co.
Culture of Christian Manhood: Sunday Mornings in Battell Chapel, Yale University. F. H. Revell Co.
Dunbar, E. J. *The Genesis of Shakespeare's Art*. \$2. George W. Jacobs & Co.
Gillis, J. A. *The Hawaiian Incident*. 75c. Lee & Shepard.
Gilman, D. C. *A Study in Black and White*. 25c. Lee & Shepard.
Higginson, Ella. *From the Land of the Snow-Pearls*. \$1.50. Published by the Trustees.
Hopkins, T. *The Dungeons of Old Paris*. \$1.50. Macmillan Co.
Horton, G. *Constantine*. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Miller, Mrs. J. *The Philosopher of Driftwood*. \$1.50. Way & Williams.
Mott, J. R. *Strategic Points in the World's Conquest*. \$1. Washington, D. C.: Jennings Miller Pub'g Co.
Oppenheimer, E. P. *False Evidence*. F. H. Revell Co.
Peters, J. P. *Nippur*. Vol. I. Ward, Lock & Co.
Phelen, C. C. *General Property Tax in California*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Pierson, A. T. *Shall We Continue in Sin?* 75c. Macmillan Co.
Pollard, P. *Dreams of To-day*. Baker & Taylor Co.
Private Life of the Queen. \$1.50. Way & Williams.
Read, O. Bolanyo. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.
Savage, R. H. *A Daughter of Judas*. 25c. Way & Williams.
Stoddard, E. V. *Bertrand du Quesclin*. Rand, McNally & Co.
Tarr, R. S. *First Book of Physical Geography*. \$1.20. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Wise, J. S. *Diomed*. \$2. Macmillan Co.
Zola, E. *His Excellency*. \$1.50. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
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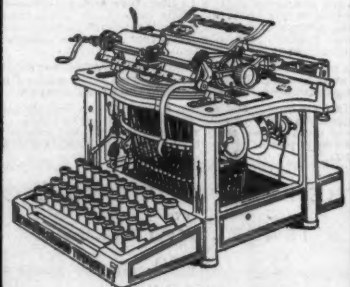
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